MARVEL

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF INDIANA JONES™

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STAN LEE PRESENTS: THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF

INDIANA JONES

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THE SEA BUTCHERS

CHAPTER 2: DEATH ON DARK WATERS

Y'KNOW, I HONESTLY BELIEVE THIS IS THE SECOND WORST SPOT I'VE EVER BEEN IN MY LIFE!
WELL, MAYBE THE THIRD...
ON AN ISLAND OF THE ALEUTIAN CHAIN, FAR OUT IN THE NORTH PACIFIC OCEAN, INDIANA JONES THINKS.
DESPERATELY!
KLAK
KLAK
KALAK

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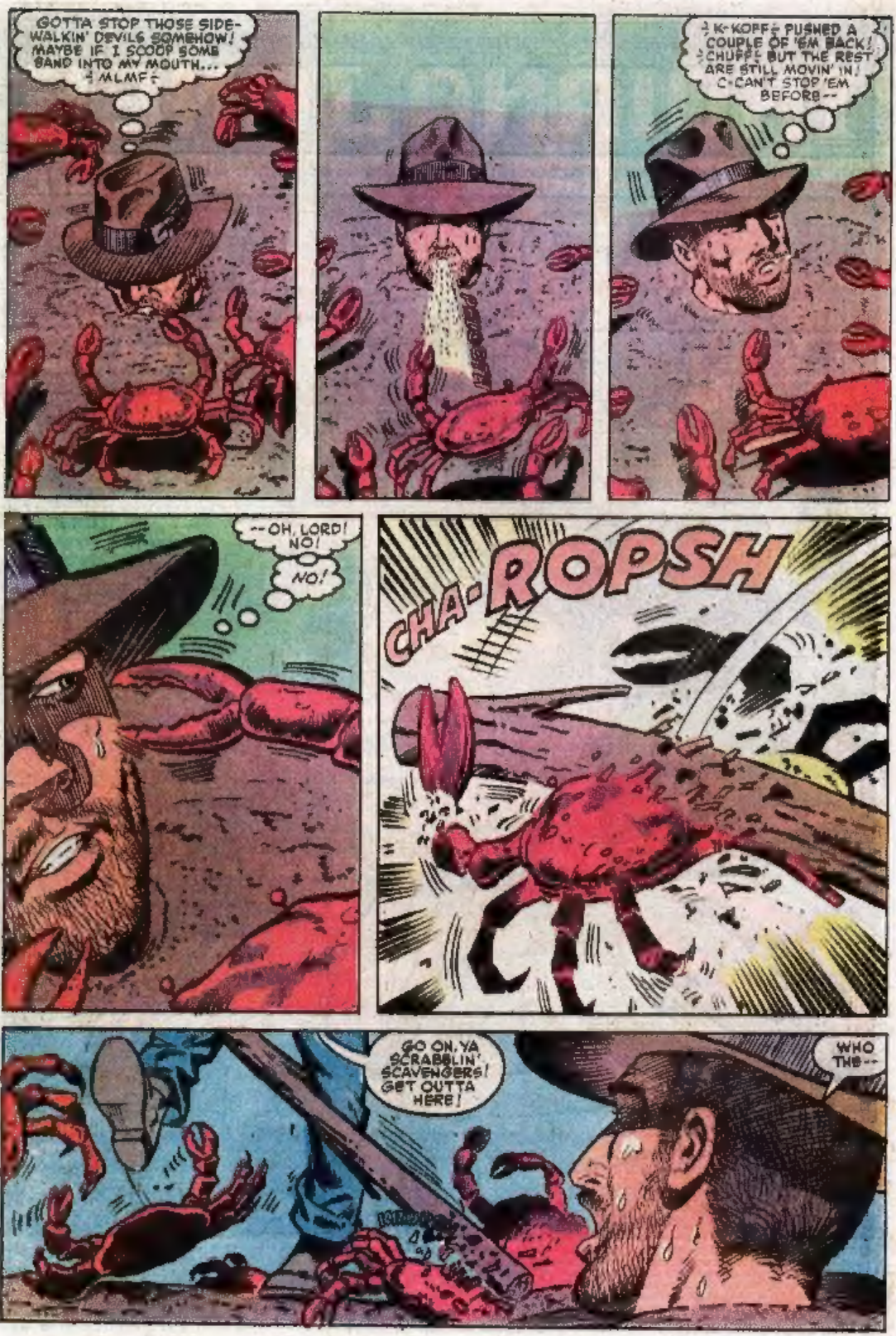
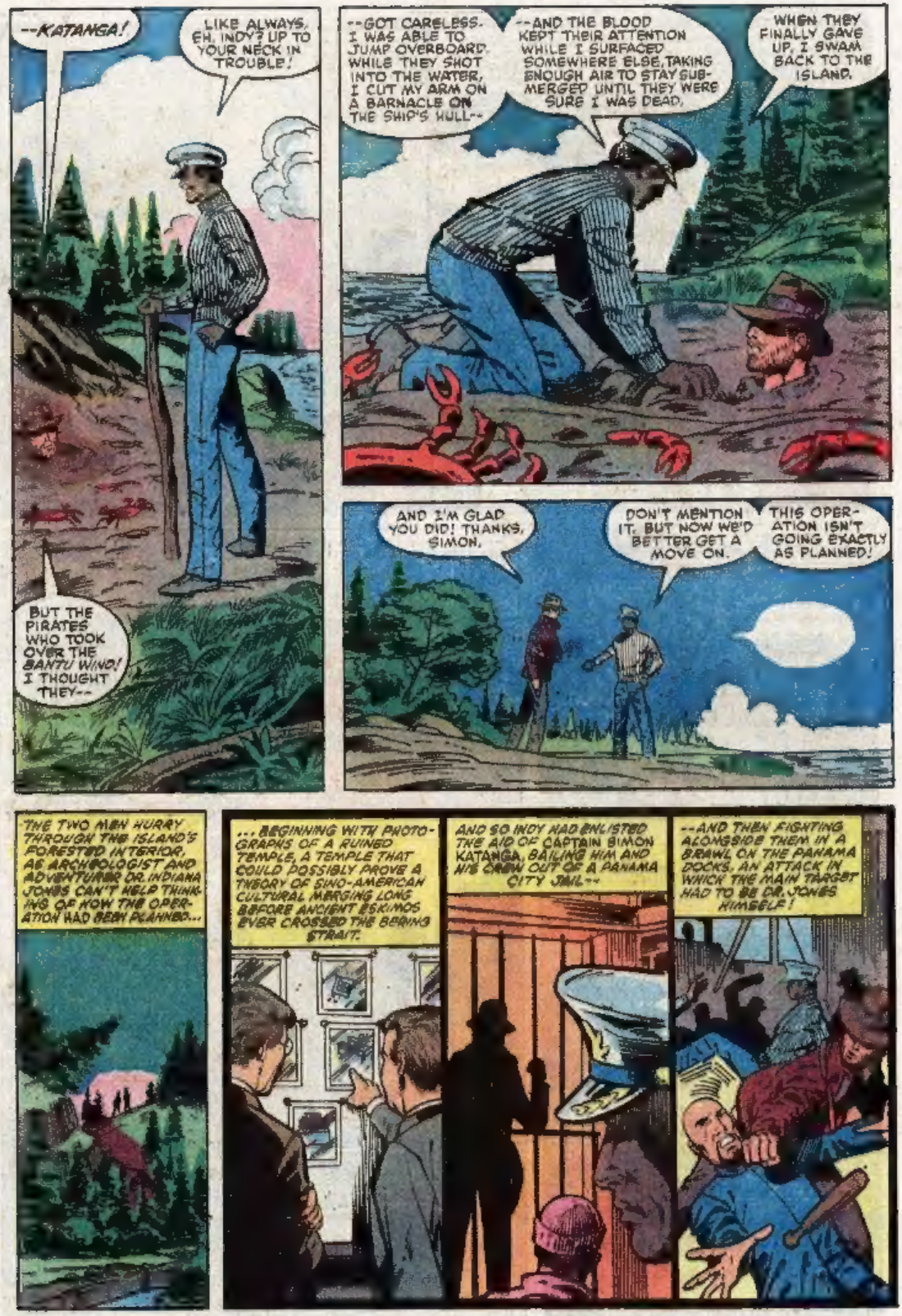
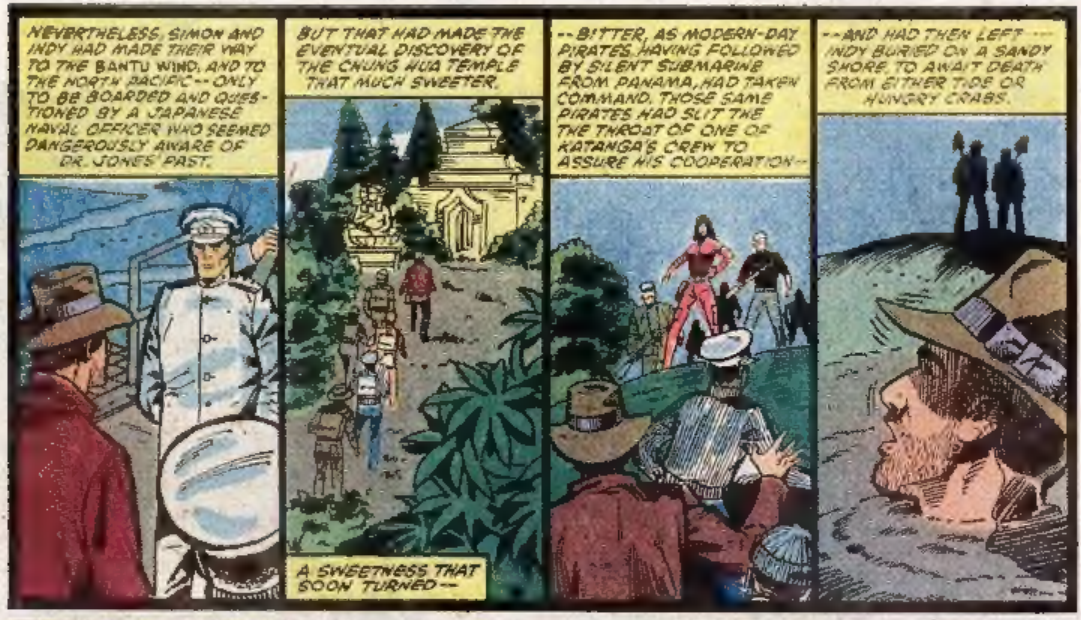
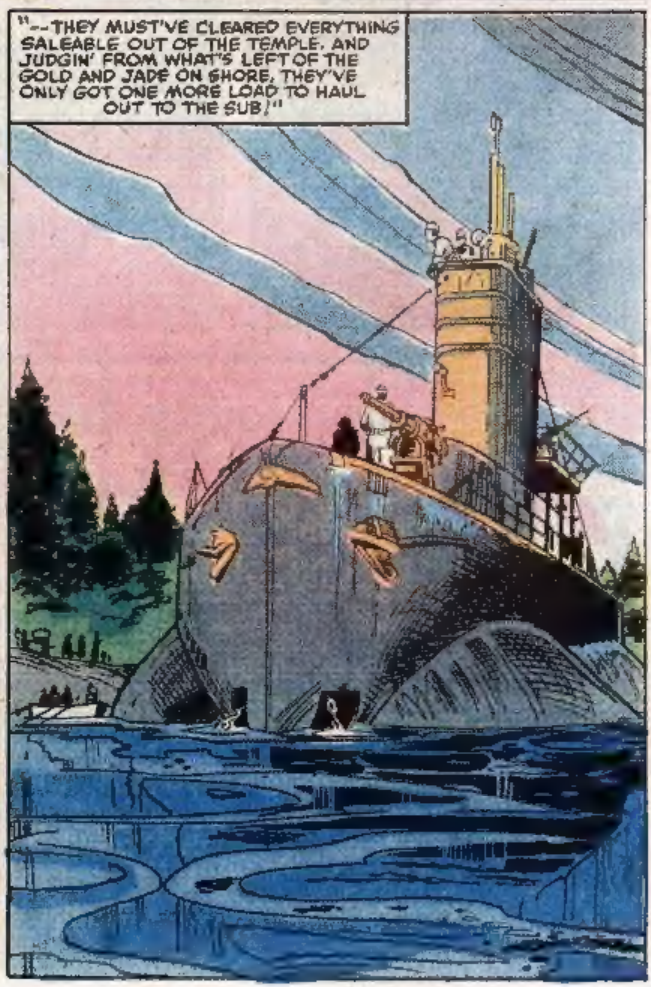

GOTTA STOP THOSE SIDE-WALKIN' DEVILS SOMEHOW! MAYBE IF I SCOOP SOME SAND INTO MY MOUTH... ÷MLMF÷
÷K-KOFF÷ PUSHED A COUPLE OF 'EM BACK! ÷CHUFF÷ BUT THE REST ARE STILL MOVIN' IN! C-CAN'T STOP 'EM BEFORE--
--OH, LORD! NO! NO!
CHA-ROPSH
GO ON, YA SCRABBLIN' SCAVENGERS! GET OUTTA HERE!
WHO THE--

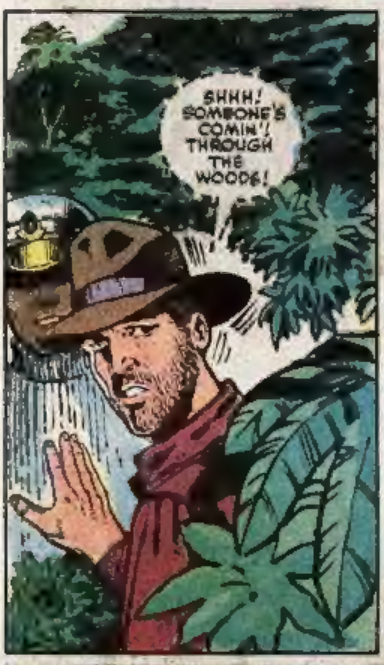

--KATANGA!
LIKE ALWAYS, EH, INDY? UP TO YOUR NECK IN TROUBLE!
BUT THE PIRATES WHO TOOK OVER THE BANTU WIND! I THOUGHT THEY--
--GOT CARELESS. I WAS ABLE TO JUMP OVERBOARD WHILE THEY SHOT INTO THE WATER, I CUT MY ARM ON A BARNACLE ON THE SHIP'S HULL--
--AND THE BLOOD KEPT THEIR ATTENTION WHILE I SURFACED SOMEWHERE ELSE, TAKING ENOUGH AIR TO STAY SUBMERGED UNTIL THEY WERE SURE I WAS DEAD.
WHEN THEY FINALLY GAVE UP, I SWAM BACK TO THE ISLAND.
AND I'M GLAD YOU DID! THANKS, SIMON.
DON'T MENTION IT. BUT NOW WE'D BETTER GET A MOVE ON.
THIS OPERATION ISN'T GOING EXACTLY AS PLANNED!
THE TWO MEN HURRY THROUGH THE ISLAND'S FORESTED INTERIOR, AS ARCHEOLOGIST AND ADVENTURER DR. INDIANA JONES CAN'T HELP THINKING OF HOW THE OPERATION HAD BEEN PLANNED...
...BEGINNING WITH PHOTOGRAPHS OF A RUINED TEMPLE, A TEMPLE THAT COULD POSSIBLY PROVE A THEORY OF SINO-AMERICAN CULTURAL MERGING LONG BEFORE ANCIENT ESKIMOS EVER CROSSED THE BERING STRAIT.
AND SO INDY HAD ENLISTED THE AID OF CAPTAIN SIMON KATANGA, BAILING HIM AND HIS CREW OUT OF A PANAMA CITY JAIL--
--AND THEN FIGHTING ALONGSIDE THEM IN A BRAWL ON THE PANAMA DOCKS, AN ATTACK IN WHICH THE MAIN TARGET HAD TO BE DR. JONES HIMSELF!


NEVERTHELESS, SIMON AND INDY HAD MADE THEIR WAY TO THE BANTU WIND, AND TO THE NORTH PACIFIC -- ONLY TO BE BOARDED AND QUESTIONED BY A JAPANESE NAVAL OFFICER WHO SEEMED DANGEROUSLY AWARE OF DR. JONES' PAST.
BUT THAT HAD MADE THE EVENTUAL DISCOVERY OF THE CHUNG HUA TEMPLE THAT MUCH SWEETER.
A SWEETNESS THAT SOON TURNED --
-- BITTER, AS MODERN-DAY PIRATES, HAVING FOLLOWED BY SILENT SUBMARINE FROM PANAMA, HAD TAKEN COMMAND. THOSE SAME PIRATES HAD SLIT THE THROAT OF ONE OF KATANGA'S CREW TO ASSURE HIS COOPERATION --
-- AND HAD THEN LEFT -- INDY BURIED ON A SANDY SHORE, TO AWAIT DEATH FROM EITHER TIDE OR HUNGRY CRABS.

THEY HAD FAILED, BARELY, AT BOTH ENDEAVORS...
LOOKS LIKE THOSE SEA DOGS HAVE JUST ABOUT GOT THINGS WRAPPED UP.
YEAH--


"-- THEY MUST'VE CLEARED EVERYTHING SALEABLE OUT OF THE TEMPLE, AND JUDGIN' FROM WHAT'S LEFT OF THE GOLD AND JADE ON SHORE, THEY'VE ONLY GOT ONE MORE LOAD TO HAUL OUT TO THE SUB!"

WE HAVE TO DO SOMETHING!
AND SOON! ONCE THEY'VE GOTTEN THAT CARGO ABOARD THE WIND, THEY'LL BE GONE BEFORE--


SHHH! SOMEONE'S COMIN' THROUGH THE WOODS!

MORE PIRATES-- MOVIN' IN FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE TEMPLE!

HEY, MIGUEL! THE AFRICAN'S CREW GIVE YA ANY TROUBLE?
QUE TROUBLE? THEY WILL SOON BE RESTING IN PIECES! HEH HEH...
MY MEN--!

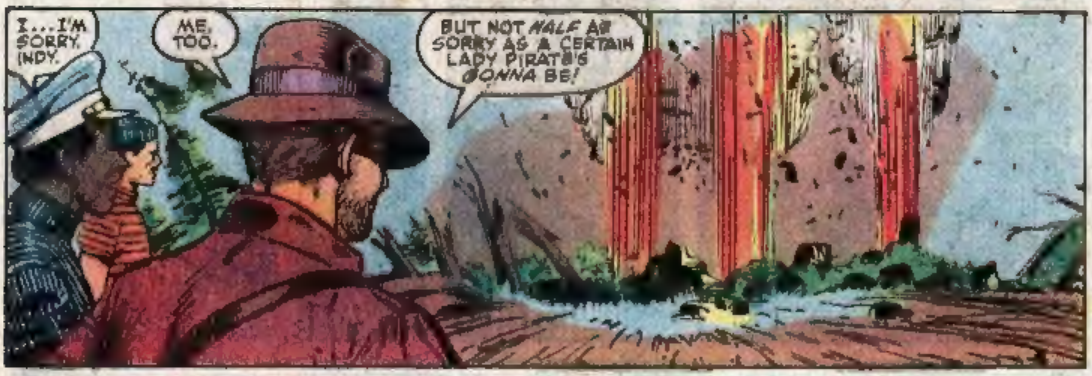
INDY DOESN'T ANSWER. HE DOESN'T HAVE TO.
HE MERELY JOINS HIS FRIEND IN A HEADLONG SPRINT THROUGH THE GNARLY PINE FOREST..

--AND IN THE HOPE THAT THEIR FRANTIC RACE DOESN'T GET THEM TO THEIR DESTINATION--

--TOO LATE!
CAPTAIN!
THANK HEAVEN! THEY'RE STILL ALIVE!
YEAH, BUT FOR HOW LONG? THOSE PIRATES SET DYNAMITE CHARGES ALL ALONG THE CEILING!
DYNAMITE
YOU UNTIE THE CREW! I'LL DEACTIVATE THE DETONATOR AND--
--BLAST! THE TIMER WON'T BUDGE! AND THERE'S ONLY FIVE MINUTES LEFT!
I'LL HAVE TO CUT SOME OF THE WIRES! INTERRUPT THE PULSE BEFORE IT REACHES THE CHARGES!
NO! THE RIG MIGHT BE BOOBY-TRAPPED! CLIP THE WRONG WIRE AND YOU COULD BRING THIS WHOLE BUILDING DOWN ON OUR HEADS!

BUT THESE ARTIFACTS ARE PRICELESS! I CAN'T JUST LET HISTORY GO UP IN SMOKE! I'VE GOT TO SAVE AS MANY AS I--
HANG THE TRINKETS, INDY!
YOU'LL NEVER GET THEM ALL OUT! AND I'LL NEVER GET MY MEN FREE WITHOUT YOUR HELP!
THERE'S NO TIME!
I- I KNOW, BUT...THERE'S GOTTA BE SOME WAY!
I-IF I CAN KNOCK THE CHARGES LOOSE--
--BREAK THE CONNECTIONS OR SOMETHING! MAYBE--
INDY!
THE PAST IS DEAD.
MY MEN ARE ALIVE.
PLEASE...
IN HIS MIND, AND IN HIS HEART, INDY KNOWS THAT SIMON IS RIGHT.
BUT KNOWLEDGE DOESN'T MAKE THE DECISION ANY EASIER.
AND, THREE MINUTES AND UNKNOWN SECONDS LATER...
HIT THE DECK! THOSE CHARGES ARE ABOUT TO--

KRACHAPOOOM


I...I'M SORRY, INDY.
ME, TOO.
BUT NOT *HALF* AS SORRY AS A CERTAIN LADY PIRATE'S *GONNA* BE!

WHILE SEVERAL MILES TO THE WEST...
--ABOARD A SOLEMNLY PATROLLING "TAKAO" CLASS CRUISER...

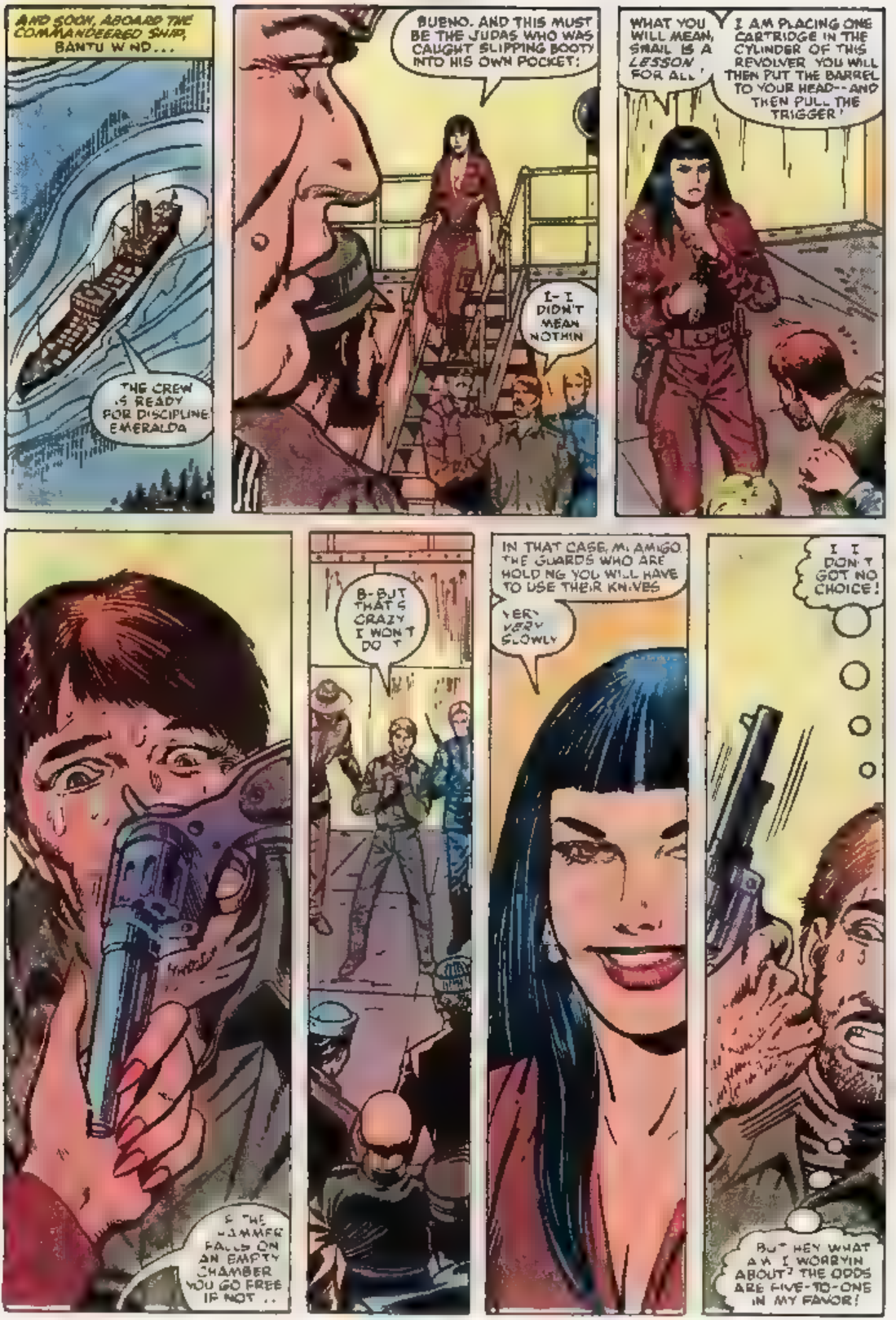
THEN THE NAVIGATOR'S READINGS CONFIRM MY ESTIMATES, LIEUTENANT?
HAI, COMMANDER HIROTO. THE EXPLOSION ORIGINATED--

"--ON AN ISLAND IN THE ALEUTIAN GROUP. BUT I MUST ADD, SIR, THAT THOSE ARE *AMERICAN* WATERS."
"LIEUTENANT, OUR PURPOSE IS TO SEE THAT NO WATERS ON EARTH POSE A THREAT TO FREE MEN."

OR, OF COURSE, TO IMPERIAL JAPAN.

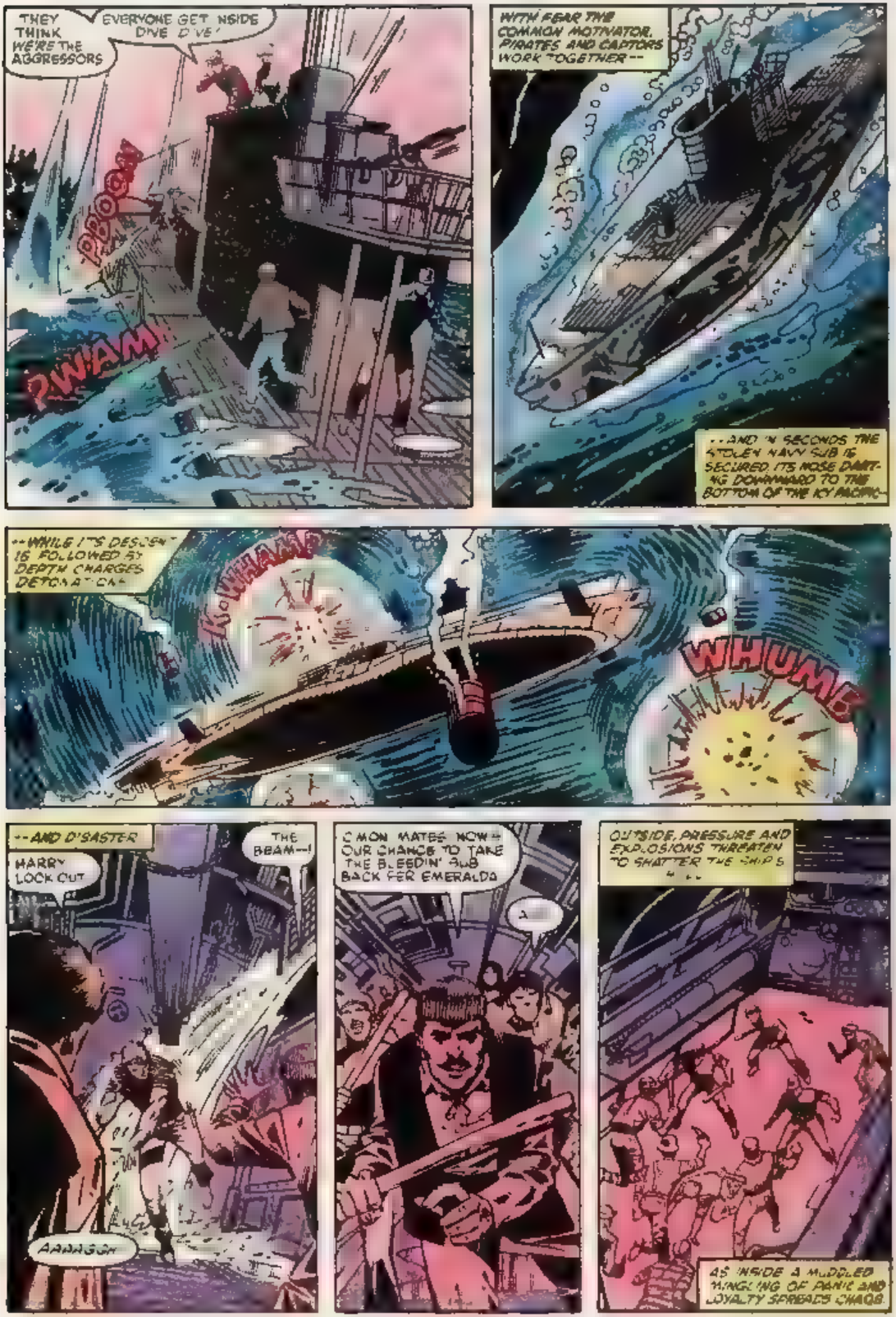
IVE GO!

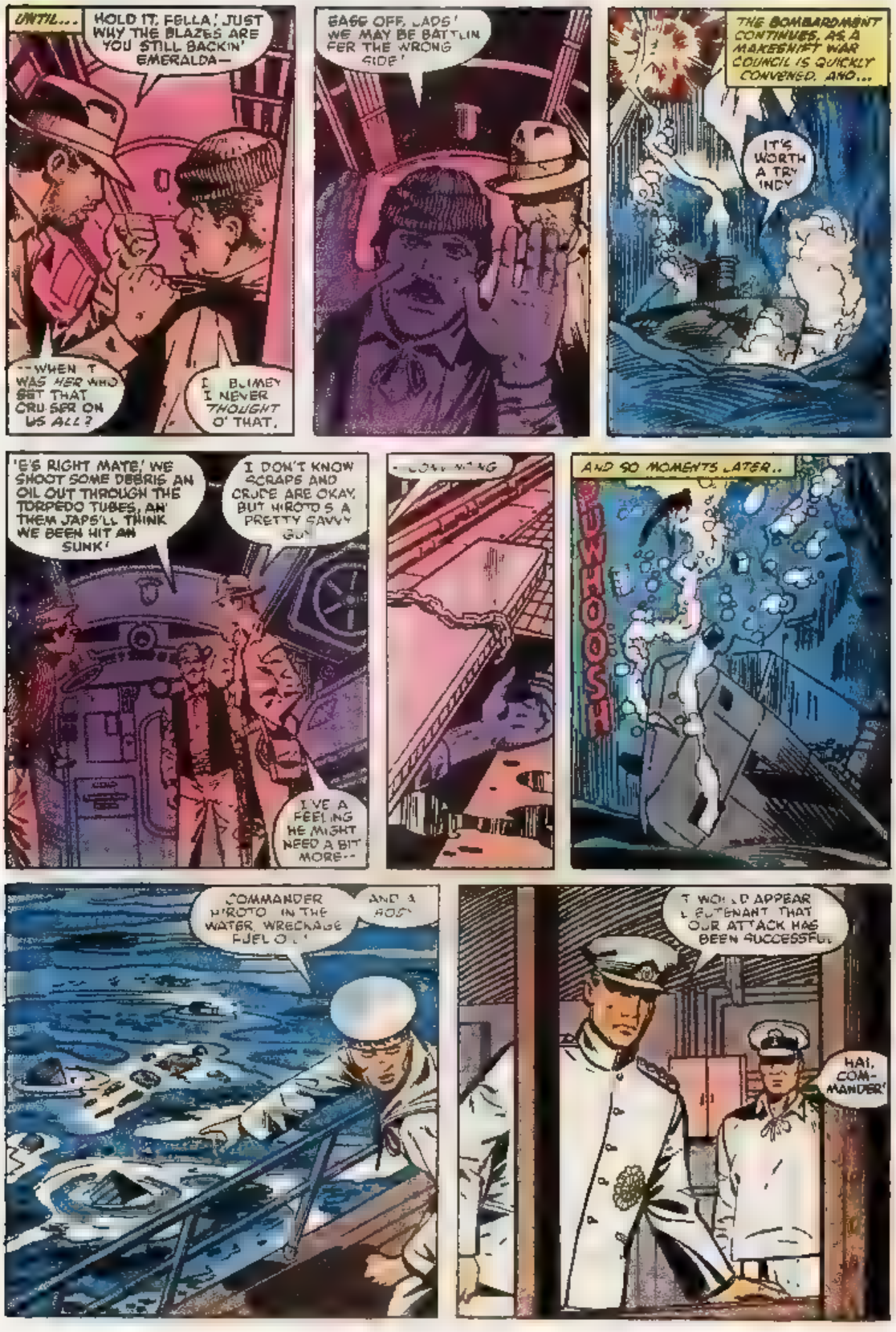
AS, AT THAT MOMENT...
BLIMEY, I SURE HOPE EMERALDA LETS ME CREW ON THE STEAMER ON OUR WAY BACK TO PANAMA. ELSEWISE--
--THAT'S THE LAST BUTT I'LL BE SMOKIN' FOR WEEKS!
I MEAN, SUBS IS AWRIGHT, AN' THE CLAUSTROPHOBIA DON'T BOTHER ME NONE, BUT LIFE WIFFOUT NICOTINE'S MORE'N ANY MAN SHOULD HAVE TO--
--URNK! YOU! B-BUT, YER DEAD!
MAYBE SO, PAL, BUT THIS "GHOST" IS GONNA KNOCK YOUR BRAINS CLEAR OUT OF YOUR BODY IF YOU MAKE ANOTHER SOUND! GOT IT?
GOOD!

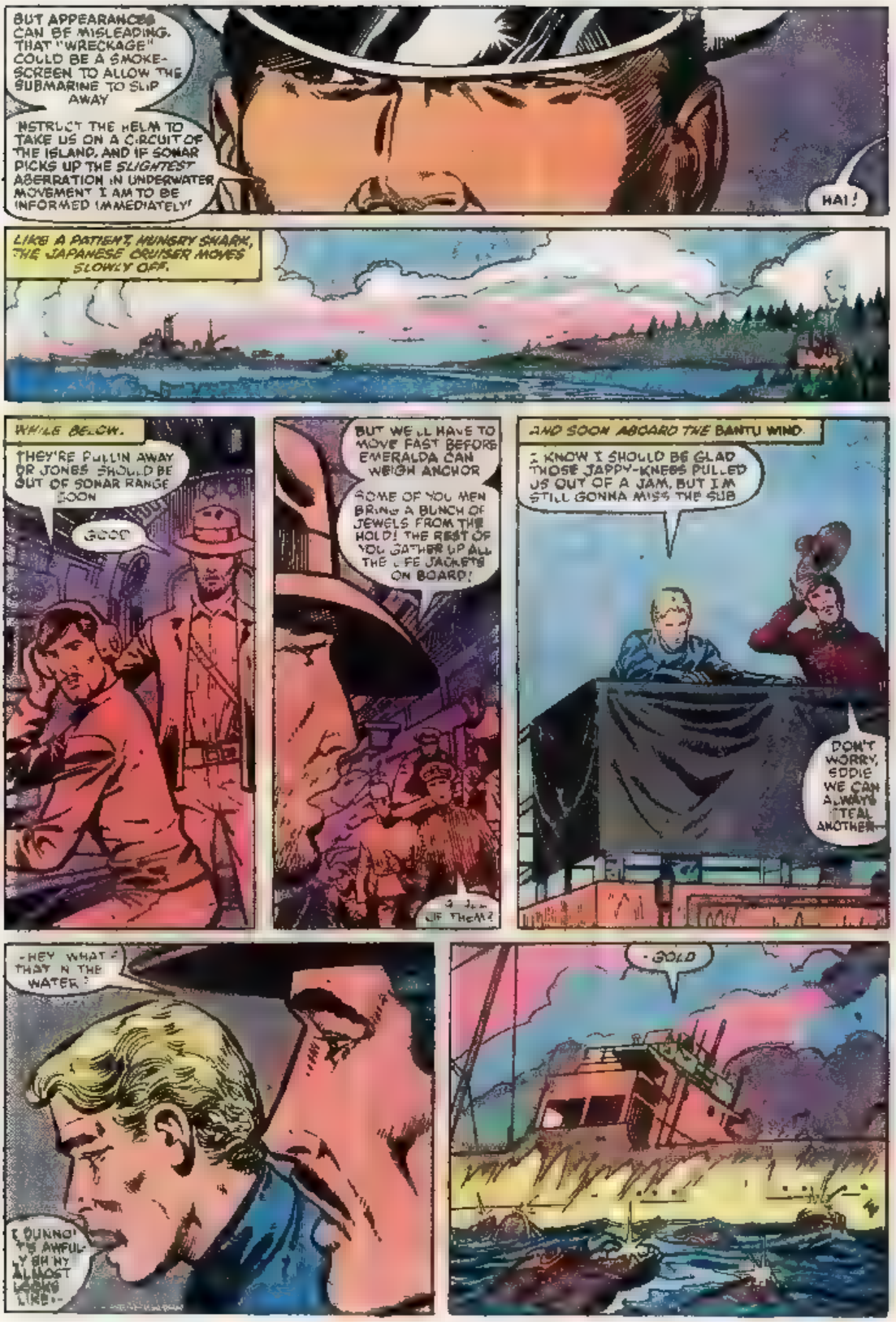

AND SOON, ABOARD THE COMMANDEERED SHIP, BANTU WIND...
THE CREW IS READY FOR DISCIPLINE EMERALDA
BUENO. AND THIS MUST BE THE JUDAS WHO WAS CAUGHT SLIPPING BOOTY INTO HIS OWN POCKET!
I- I DIDN'T MEAN NOTHIN
WHAT YOU WILL MEAN, SMAIL IS A LESSON FOR ALL!
I AM PLACING ONE CARTRIDGE IN THE CYLINDER OF THIS REVOLVER. YOU WILL THEN PUT THE BARREL TO YOUR HEAD--AND THEN PULL THE TRIGGER!
IF THE HAMMER FALLS ON AN EMPTY CHAMBER YOU GO FREE IF NOT..
B-BUT THAT'S CRAZY I WON'T DO IT
IN THAT CASE, MI AMIGO, THE GUARDS WHO ARE HOLDING YOU WILL HAVE TO USE THEIR KNIVES
VERY VERY SLOWLY
I I DON'T GOT NO CHOICE!
BUT HEY WHAT AM I WORRYIN ABOUT? THE ODDS ARE FIVE-TO-ONE IN MY FAVOR!

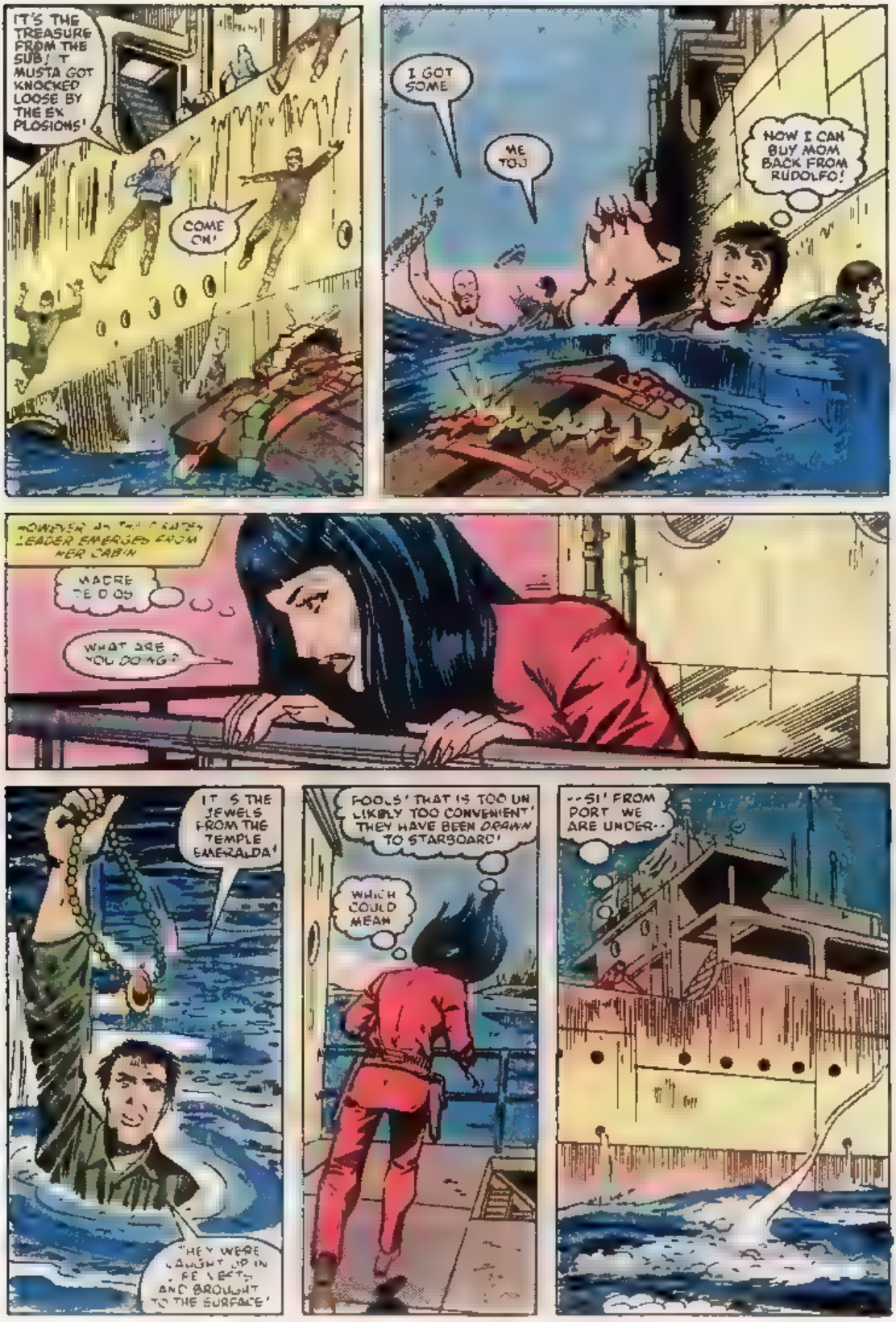
SURE! LADY LUCK'S ON MY SIDE A-ALL I GOTTA DO IS GUT THIS OUT, THEN HAVE A GOOD LAUGH WHEN IT'S ALL OV--
BLAM
THE LESSON IS THIS.
NO ONE STEALS FROM EMERALDA!
AND THEN...
MON CAPITAINE! ZE SUBMARINE SHE RETURNS
EXCELLENT
THAT SHOULD BE THE LAST OF THE TREASURE AND ONCE IT IS STORED IN OUR HOLDS, WE WILL BE FREE TO LEAVE THIS--
--EH! MOMENTO! THE LB STOPPING BUT T - TOO FAR AWAY FOR THE LEADING CRANES WHA
AHOY THE SHIP THROW DOWN ALL WEAPONS AND SURRENDER AT ONCE
OR WE'LL BLOW EVERY MAN JACK OF YA OUT OF THE WATER!
J JONES?!

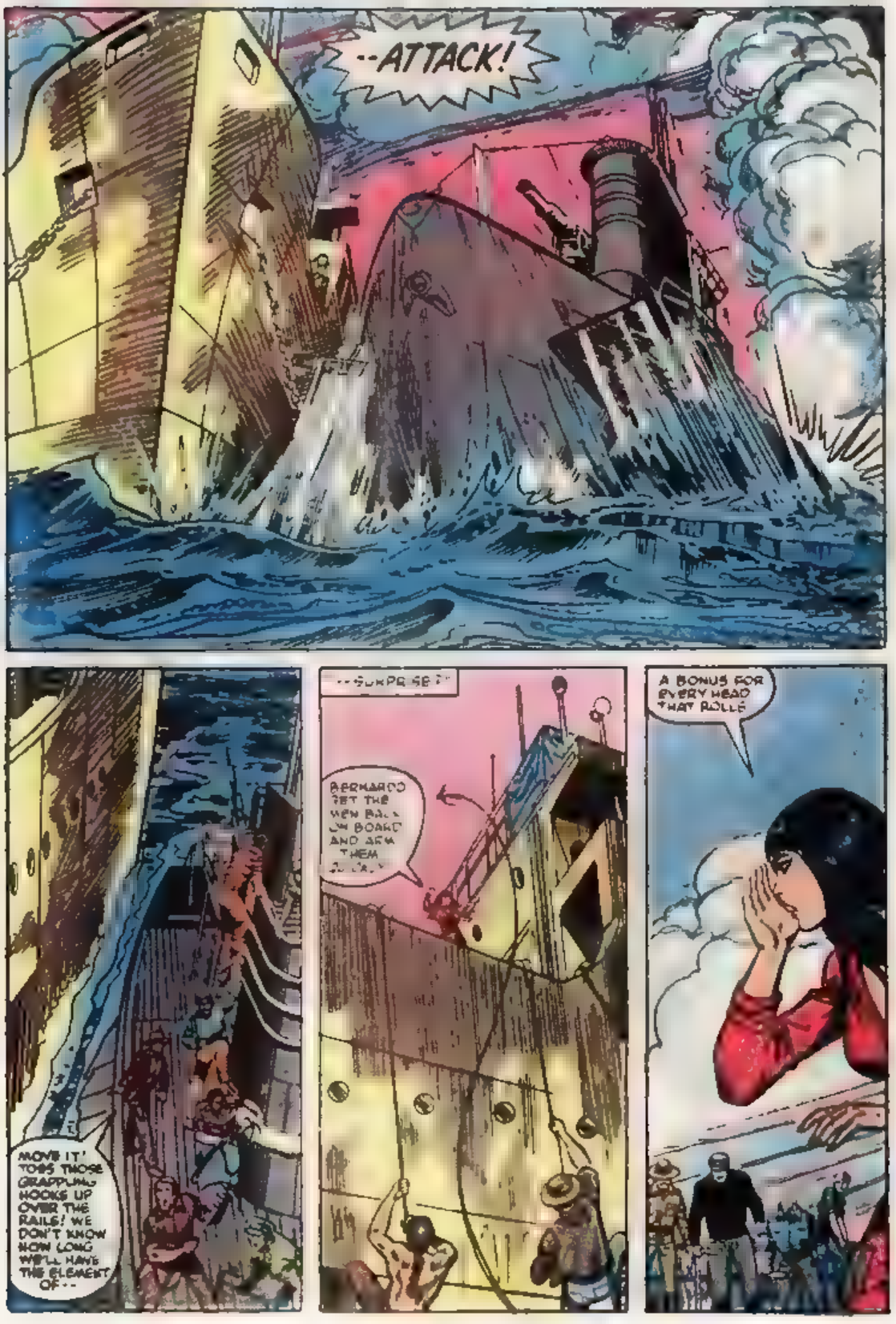
SIMON KNOWS I'D NEVER SINK THE WIND--I JUST HOPE THAT LADY BUCCANEER DOESN'T KNOW!
I CANNOT SURRENDER .IT IS NOT IN MY BLOOD! I WILL FIGHT TO THE LAST BREATH IN MY--
--WAIT ON THE HORIZON!
I MAY NOT HAVE TO FIGHT AT ALL-
IF I CAN GET SOME-ONE ELSE TO FIGHT FOR ME
GUNTHER SEND A MESSAGE
YAWOHL EMERALDA!
I DON'T GET IT SHE COULD JUST YELL OUT HER ANSWER - SO WHY'S SHE USIN' A SIGNAL LAMP?
BECAUSE SHE'S NOT SIGNALING TO US BLAST IT! SHE'S SIGNALING--
--TO THEM!
THE JAPANESE CRUISER! BUT HOW--?
IT'S THE MESSAGE INDY! IT READS "S.O.S UNDER...ATTACK.. BY..
"...SUBMARINE!"

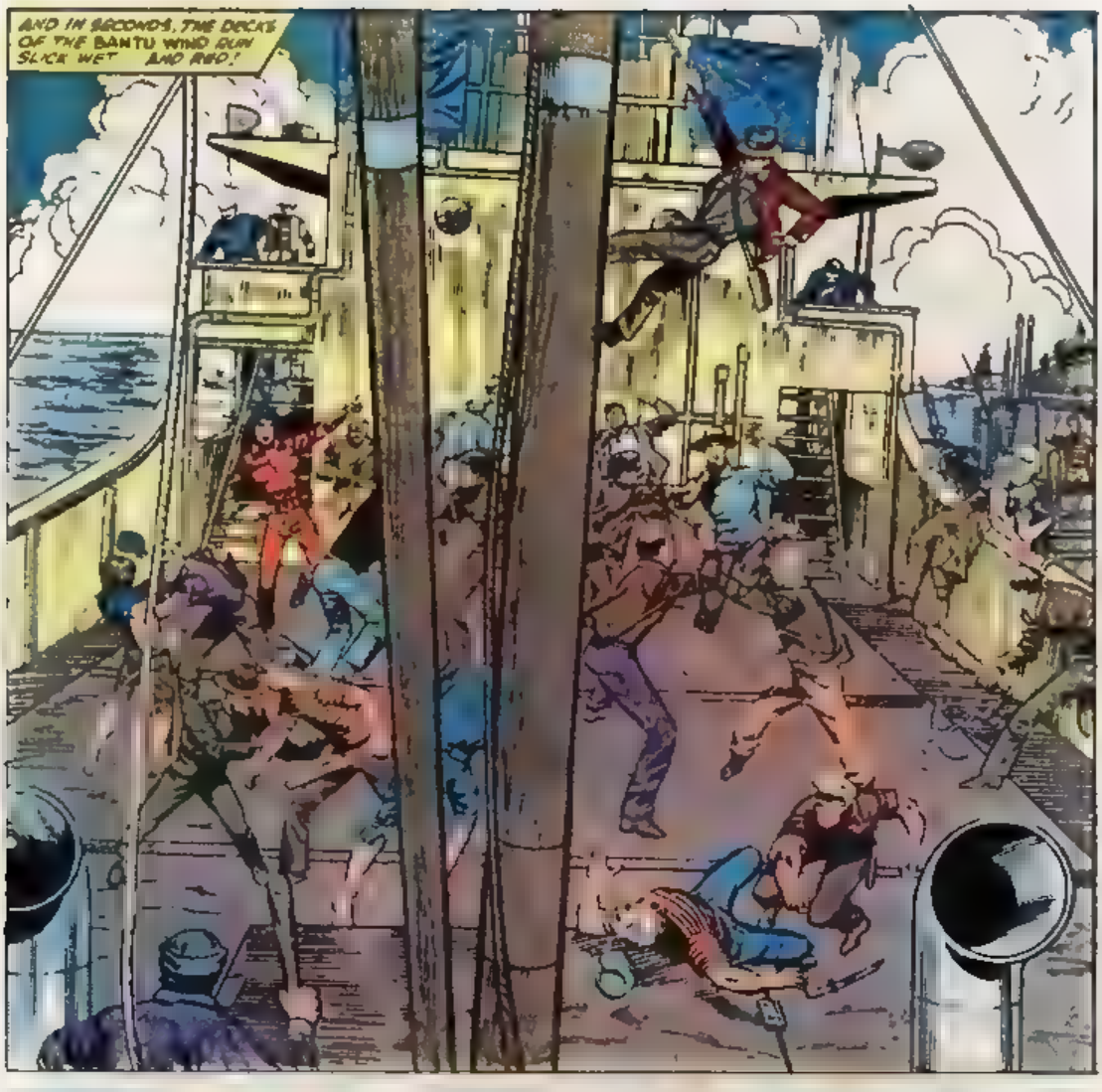

THEY THINK WE'RE THE AGGRESSORS
EVERYONE GET INSIDE DIVE DIVE!
PBOOM
PWAM!
WITH FEAR THE COMMON MOTIVATOR, PIRATES AND CAPTORS WORK TOGETHER--
--AND IN SECONDS THE STOLEN NAVY SUB IS SECURED, ITS NOSE DARTING DOWNWARD TO THE BOTTOM OF THE KY PACIFIC
--WHILE IT'S DESCENT IS FOLLOWED BY DEPTH CHARGES DETONATING
KAWHAM!
WHUMP
--AND D'SASTER
HARRY LOOK OUT
THE BEAM--!
AAAAGH
C'MON MATES NOW-- OUR CHANCE TO TAKE THE BLEEDIN' SUB BACK FER EMERALDA
OUTSIDE, PRESSURE AND EXPLOSIONS THREATEN TO SHATTER THE SHIP'S
AS INSIDE A MUDDLED MINGLING OF PANIC AND LOYALTY SPREADS CHAOS


UNTIL...
HOLD IT, FELLA! JUST WHY THE BLAZES ARE YOU STILL BACKIN' EMERALDA—
--WHEN T WAS HER WHO SET THAT CRUISER ON US ALL?
I BLIMEY I NEVER THOUGHT O' THAT.
BAGG OFF, LADS! WE MAY BE BATTLIN FER THE WRONG SIDE!
THE BOMBARDMENT CONTINUES, AS A MAKESHIFT WAR COUNCIL IS QUICKLY CONVENED, AND...
IT'S WORTH A TRY INDY
'E'S RIGHT MATE,' WE SHOOT SOME DEBRIS AN OIL OUT THROUGH THE TORPEDO TUBES, AN' THEM JAPS'LL THINK WE BEEN HIT AN SUNK'
I DON'T KNOW SCRAPS AND CRUDE ARE OKAY, BUT HIROTO'S A PRETTY SAVVY GUY
I'VE A FEELING HE MIGHT NEED A BIT MORE--
AND SO MOMENTS LATER..
KABOOM
COMMANDER HIROTO IN THE WATER. WRECKAGE FUEL O..'
AND A HOT
I WOULD APPEAR LIEUTENANT THAT OUR ATTACK HAS BEEN SUCCESSFUL
HAI, COMMANDER!


BUT APPEARANCES CAN BE MISLEADING. THAT "WRECKAGE" COULD BE A SMOKE-SCREEN TO ALLOW THE SUBMARINE TO SLIP AWAY
INSTRUCT THE HELM TO TAKE US ON A CIRCUIT OF THE ISLAND, AND IF SONAR PICKS UP THE *SLIGHTEST* ABERRATION IN UNDERWATER MOVEMENT I AM TO BE INFORMED IMMEDIATELY!
HAI!
LIKE A PATIENT, HUNGRY SHARK, THE JAPANESE CRUISER MOVES SLOWLY OFF.
WHILE BELOW.
THEY'RE PULLIN AWAY OR JONES SHOULD BE OUT OF SONAR RANGE SOON
GOOD
BUT WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE FAST BEFORE EMERALDA CAN WEIGH ANCHOR
SOME OF YOU MEN BRING A BUNCH OF JEWELS FROM THE HOLD! THE REST OF YOU GATHER UP ALL THE LIFE JACKETS ON BOARD!
AND SOON ABOARD THE BANTU WIND.
I KNOW I SHOULD BE GLAD THOSE JAPPY-KNEES PULLED US OUT OF A JAM, BUT I'M STILL GONNA MISS THE SUB
DON'T WORRY, EDDIE WE CAN ALWAYS STEAL ANOTHER
-HEY WHAT'S THAT IN THE WATER?
I DUNNO! IT'S AWFULLY BIG IT ALMOST LOOKS LIKE--
-GOLD


IT'S THE TREASURE FROM THE SUB! IT MUSTA GOT KNOCKED LOOSE BY THE EX PLOSIONS!
COME ON!
I GOT SOME
ME TOO
NOW I CAN BUY MOM BACK FROM RUDOLFO!
HOWEVER IN THE CABIN LEADER EMERGES FROM HER CABIN
MADRE DE DIOS
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
IT'S THE JEWELS FROM THE TEMPLE ESMERALDA!
THEY WERE CAUGHT UP IN THE NETS AND BROUGHT TO THE SURFACE!
FOOLS! THAT IS TOO UNLIKELY TOO CONVENIENT! THEY HAVE BEEN DRAWN TO STARBOARD!
WHICH COULD MEAN
--SI! FROM PORT WE ARE UNDER--


--ATTACK!
MOVE IT! TOSS THOSE GRAPPLING HOOKS UP OVER THE RAILS! WE DON'T KNOW HOW LONG WE'LL HAVE THE ELEMENT OF--
--SURPRISE!
BERNARDO! GET THE MEN BACK ON BOARD AND ARM THEM
A BONUS FOR EVERY HEAD THAT ROLLS


AND IN SECONDS, THE DECKS OF THE BANTU WIND RUN SLICK WET AND RED!

TOO BAD THOSE JOKERS ON THE BEACH TOOK MY REVOLVER. A FIREARM'D BE A CRITTIN' ADVANTAGE

ONE I'VE TO KEEP AWAY FROM THE
THRAK

SKRRRAVE
OF COURSE THE GUYS WITH THE KNIVES AND BELAYING PINS AREN'T EXACTLY PUSHOVERS, EITHER
THUMP
OOMF
THIS SHIP IS MINE YOU SEA SLUGS!
AND I'M TAKIN HER BACK
KLIROK
IT GOES BADLY! WE ARE OUT-NUMBERED AND WILL SURELY LOSE
UNLESS
OUCH THIS BARE KNUCKLES STUFF IS FOR THE BIRDS. I'VE GOTTA GET ME A CUTLASS OR SUMPTHING BEFORE
AHOY!

Bullpen Bulletins

"... MARVEL'S DARKEST HOUR!"

That's what one guy from Oil City, Pennsylvania, called our recent Assistant Editors' Month. On the other hand, a correspondent from Tulsa, Oklahoma thought that the assistants "... should trade jobs with the Editors! They're more imaginative!" No one's been shy about commenting, that's for sure. We've gotten record amounts of mail regarding That Weird Month, and everywhere I go, people mention it to me. An officer at the Manufacturers Hanover Trust, where I have my savings account, walked up to me in the bank the other day and gave me his opinion — he loved it! While I was in Florida visiting the wonderful folks at Adventure International, a computer game designer named John Anderson and the company's founder, Scott Adams, himself (who is to computer gaming what Stan Lee is to comics!) brought it up — two more positive reactions. Letters are still pouring in, and it's too early to render the final verdict, though. Meanwhile, the Assistant Editors are slinking around here like turkeys the week before Thanksgiving . . .

EVERYONE'S WONDERING . . .

. . . just what was it that all the Marvel Editors were doing that kept them away during August, creating the need for Assistant Editors' Month in the first place.

Well, it was strictly business . . . sort of. Here's what we did . . .

Sunday evening, July 31st — We arrived in San Diego, picked up our four Chrysler LeBaron convertibles from Hertz, and checked into the luxurious Executive Hotel.

Monday, August 1st — Brunch in the hotel restaurant. All are present and accounted for: Myself, Tom DeFalco, Denny O'Neil, Larry Hama, Louise Jones, Mark Gruenwald, Ralph Macchio, Bob Budiansky, Carl Potts, Danny Fingeroth, and official photographer Vince Colletta. We plan strategy. At 12:30 p.m. we drive to Night and Day Formal Wear in Fashion Valley to pick up our tuxedos. *Spider-Man* joins us and clowns around trying on jackets and cummerbunds over his Spider-Man suit. Who *is* this guy? At 3:00 p.m. we head for Mission Beach. An unexpected interruption — we're pulled over by two San Diego motorcycle policemen. They want to know why Spider-Man's in town. We talk. They end up cheerfully giving old web-head a ride on one of their motorcycles. On the beach at last, we hold an Official Business Meeting *in the surf* to discuss the upcoming Sub-Mariner Limited Series. It does enhance the mood. Meanwhile Spider-Man is mobbed by civilians on the beach until he finally disappears again. Later, we meet for dinner at La Casa Bandini, a superb Mexican restaurant, in The Old Town.

Tuesday, August 2nd — Brunch again, then clad in our tuxes we motor off to Seaworld. We make our way to the penguin house where, again, *Spider-Man* mysteriously appears. In our penguin-like attire, surrounded by penguins, we meet to discuss the upcoming Iceman Limited Series. Again, the mood is enhanced. Spider-Man, meanwhile, as at the beach, is mobbed. Eventually, to prevent his being literally crushed by admirers, he ducks into a nearby building and vanishes! Who *is* this guy in the webbed suit? That evening, Publishing Vice President Mike Hobson, who's also in town, gathers us up and takes us off to a fantastic meal on the Reuben E. Lee, a riverboat restaurant floating in San Diego Harbor. Mike, a gullible guy, seems to be convinced that our "meetings" thus far are serious business, indeed. But, *is* he really convinced?

Wednesday, August 3rd — Brunch, and then off to the beach at Coronado, where we take lots of photos and Carl Potts teaches us how to body surf. That evening, some of us go out to an elegant Italian dinner while the rest chow down at Taco Bell and roar off to a drive-in movie.

Thursday, August 4th — Brunch. Then, the San Diego Comicon begins at the San Diego Convention Center. Archie Goodwin and Allen Milgrom, the last of our crew, finally arrive. Now, with every single Marvel editor present, we sit en masse at the snazzy Marvel booth in the main room answering questions and reviewing portfolios. Later, Tom DeFalco, Ralph Macchio, and Vince Colletta head for the airfield — we've hired a plane to fly above the city trailing a banner that reads "MARVEL COMICS — THE SKY'S THE LIMIT!" and they're going to oversee the operation. Darned if Spider-Man doesn't turn up there, too, insisting on flying the plane. We've *got* to find out who it is in that costume! We start listing suspects . . . trying to see who *isn't* around whenever "Spider-Man" is. It has to be one of the Marvel artists in attendance pulling a fast one. Joe Rubinstein? Bill Sienkiewicz? Art Adams? Paul Smith?

Friday, August 5th — Another Brunch, then more convention appearances. There's a lot of swimming, jet-skiing, and body surfing going on in between things though. A few editors take the trolley to Tijuana for a while. That night there's a huge, official Marvel Comics party held in my suite. It expands to take up the *whole fourth floor* of the hotel.

Saturday, August 6th — Another brunch, more convention activities, more quick trips to the beach, more parties.

Sunday, August 7th — The penultimate brunch in San Diego. The convention winds down. We're pretty wound down, too, but "Spider-Man's" identity is secret no longer! Bill Sienkiewicz tips his hand — while wearing the costume, in the hotel lobby, he signs an autograph for a fan in the hotel lobby "Spiedier-Man." Aha!

Monday, August 8th — The last brunch, and on to Los Angeles!

I'd love to tell you about that leg of the trip — especially about the trickiest at Disneyland — but we're out of space. Next month!

Hang in there!

Jim Shooter

THE HYPE BOX

THE GENERIC COMIC — Featuring a super hero and a super villain in an exciting story all by only A WRITER and A PENCILER could bring it to you. And with AN INKER doing the inking, you know you're in for a treat! (And if *that* doesn't intrigue you, we don't know what will!) Only from Marvel!

THOR #342 — If you haven't read THOR lately, you haven't read THOR! With WALT SIMONSON at the helm, this is fast becoming Marvel's honest and most popular series! In this issue, Walt reveals a super power of Thor's we've never seen before. Plus, special guest inker TERRY AUSTIN. Need we say more?

DR. STRANGE #64 — A tale of the weird and the wonderful by ANN NOCENTI and newcomer TONY SALMONS, exploring the age-old question: magic and art, where does one end and the other begin? An intriguing question — one to ponder in the luxury of your home — but the answer becomes a matter of life and death for Dr. Strange as he battles the bizarre creations of a deranged artist's mind! Don't miss "Artrage!"

THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

- ☐ THE THING #19
- ☐ DAREDEVIL #306
- ☐ NEW MUTANTS #14
- ☐ KA-ZAR #31
- ☐ HERCULES #2
- ☐ OFFICIAL HANDBOOK OF THE MARVEL UNIVERSE #16 — The Book of Weapons and Hardware.
- ☐ DR. STRANGE SPECIAL EDITION #2 — Re-printing Strange Tales #'s 130-135 by STAN LEE and STEVE DITKO.
- ☐ AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #301
- ☐ CAPTAIN AMERICA #292
- ☐ THOR #342
- ☐ INDIANA JONES #16
- ☐ DR. STRANGE #64
- ☐ U.S. 1 (Limited Series) #3
- ☐ X-MEN/NICRONAUTS (Limited Series) #4
- ☐ THE GENERIC COMIC #1
- ☐ FANTASTIC FOUR SPECIAL EDITION #1 — Re-presenting the classic FF Annual #1, by STAN LEE and JACK KIRBY.
- ☐ TARZAN OF THE APES (Limited Series) #1
- ☐ INCREDIBLE HULK #294
- ☐ AVENGERS #243
- ☐ CONAN THE BARBARIAN #187
- ☐ X-MEN #199
- ☐ ROM #59
- ☐ MARVEL TALES #193 — Re-printing "Spider-Man Goes Mad," by STAN LEE and STEVE DITKO, from Amazing Spider-Man #26
- ☐ POWER MAN/IRON FIST #104
- ☐ G.I. JOE #22
- ☐ FANTASTIC FOUR #295
- ☐ MARVEL TEAM-UP #149 — Spider-Man and the Black Widow
- ☐ IRON MAN #181
- ☐ PETER PARKER, THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN #99
- ☐ DEFENDERS #139
- ☐ STAR WARS #92
- ☐ ALPHA FLIGHT #9
- ☐ JACK OF HEARTS (Limited Series) #4
- ☐ WHAT IF #44 — What if the Hulk Went Berserk?
- ☐ ELEKTRA SAGA (Limited Series) #3
- ☐ THE A-TEAM (Limited Series) #2 — Marvel's adaptation of the TV smash!
- ☐ NICRONAUTS SPECIAL EDITION #5 — Concluding the very first Micronauts epic by BILL MANTLO and MICHAEL GOLDEN.

MARVEL MAGAZINES

- ☐ SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN #98
- ☐ MARVEL AGE #18

EPIC COMICS

- ☐ COYOTE #4

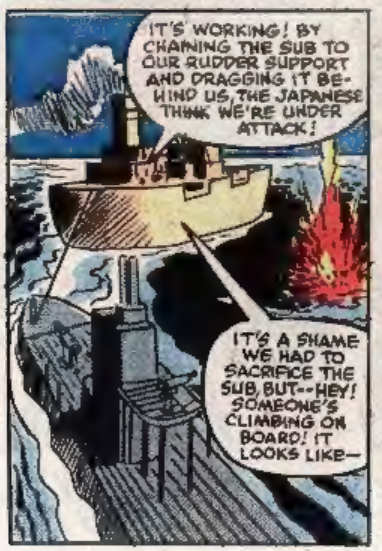
BEHIND YOU!
HUH--?
DIE, YANQUI! WITHOUT LEADERSHIP, YOUR MEN WILL BOLT--AND MINE WILL PREVAIL!
DON'T PUSH IT EMERALDA!
AFTER WHAT YOU DID TO THAT TEMPLE, I'D AS SOON CAVE YOUR HEAD IN AS TURN YOU OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES!
BUT I'M GIVIN' YOU ONE CHANCE TO PACK IT IN BEFORE--
SHUNK
THAT DOES IT!
I USUALLY MAKE A POLICY OF NOT HITTIN' LADIES, SWEETHEART! BUT YOU--
--ARE NO LADY!
THWOK

WE'RE IN CONTROL, INDY! THE PIRATES ARE GIVING UP!
BUT NOW THAT WARSHIP'S HEADING BACK THIS WAY!

WE CAN'T LET 'EM SEARCH THE HOLDS! THEY'D CONFISCATE EVERYTHING! BUT HOW CAN WE EXPLAIN THE SUBMARINE WITHOUT-- WAIT A MINUTE!
SIMON! DO YOU HAVE ANY SPARE ANCHOR CHAIN ON BOARD?

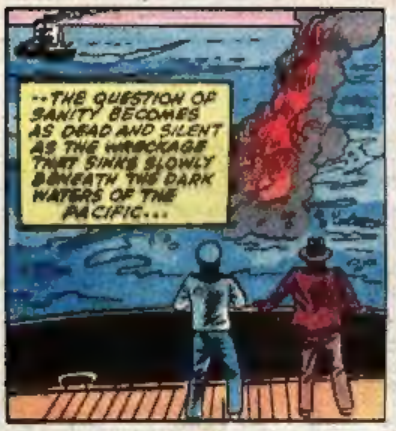
AND MOMENTS LATER, ABOARD THE CRUISER...
YOU WERE RIGHT, COMMANDER. THE SUBMERSIBLE IS STILL FUNCTIONING, AND IS ATTACKING THE STEAMER AGAIN!
HAVE ALL BATTERIES LOCK ONTO TARGET! AND AT MY ORDER--

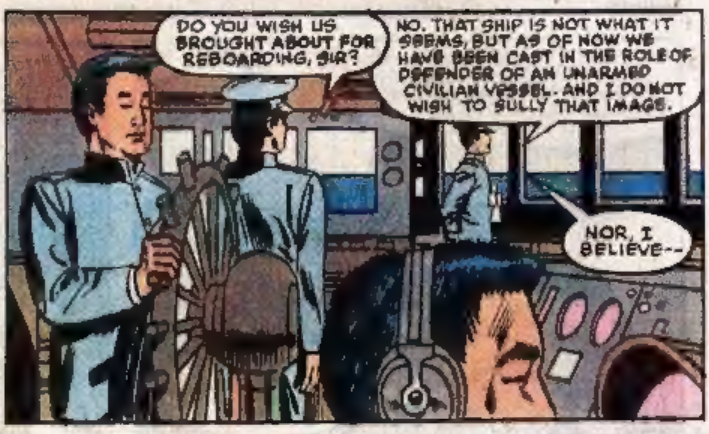
"--FIRE!"
KPOOM
PBAM
POOM
PCHOOM

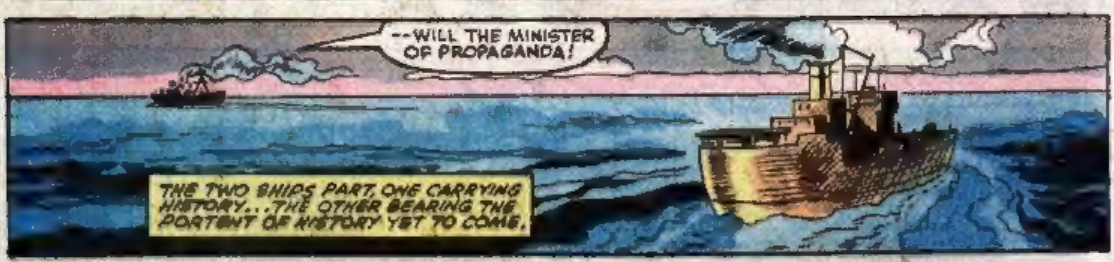

IT'S WORKING! BY CHAINING THE SUB TO OUR RUDDER SUPPORT AND DRAGGING IT BEHIND US, THE JAPANESE THINK WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!
IT'S A SHAME WE HAD TO SACRIFICE THE SUB, BUT--HEY! SOMEONE'S CLIMBING ON BOARD! IT LOOKS LIKE--

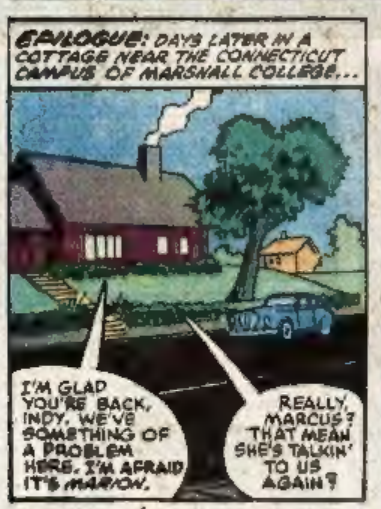
--ESMERALDA! SHE MUST HAVE COME TO AND SLIPPED OVER THE SIDE WHEN NO ONE WAS LOOKING!
AND NOW SHE'S HEADING FOR THE DECK GUN!

SHE'S GONNA BLOW US OUT OF THE WATER-- WITH HER OWN MEN STILL ON BOARD!
THAT WOMAN'S CRAZY!
PERHAPS, BUT IN A MATTER OF SECONDS--


--THE QUESTION OF SANITY BECOMES AS DEAD AND SILENT AS THE WRECKAGE THAT SINKS SLOWLY BENEATH THE DARK WATERS OF THE PACIFIC...


DO YOU WISH US BROUGHT ABOUT FOR REBOARDING, SIR?
NO. THAT SHIP IS NOT WHAT IT SEEMS, BUT AS OF NOW WE HAVE BEEN CAST IN THE ROLE OF DEFENDER OF AN UNARMED CIVILIAN VESSEL. AND I DO NOT WISH TO SULLY THAT IMAGE.
NOR, I BELIEVE--


--WILL THE MINISTER OF PROPAGANDA!
THE TWO SHIPS PART, ONE CARRYING HISTORY...THE OTHER BEARING THE PORTENT OF HISTORY YET TO COME.


EPILOGUE: DAYS LATER IN A COTTAGE NEAR THE CONNECTICUT CAMPUS OF MARSHALL COLLEGE...
I'M GLAD YOU'RE BACK, INDY. WE'VE SOMETHING OF A PROBLEM HERE. I'M AFRAID IT'S MARION.
REALLY, MARCUS? THAT MEAN SHE'S TALKIN' TO US AGAIN?

ONLY LONG ENOUGH TO REQUEST A LEAVE OF ABSENCE FROM HER PUBLIC RELATIONS JOB--AND TO INFORM ME THAT SHE WAS FLYING TO GREECE.
GREECE? WHAT THE DEVIL FOR?
THAT'S THE ODD PART. SHE SAID SHE WAS GOING THERE TO FIND--

NEXT ISSUE: ABNER RAVENWOOD--DEAD OR ALIVE? DON'T MISS IT!